

## THE LYRICISM OF THE ALPHABET

Rimbaud gave colours to the vowels,  
but each letter – the whole alphabet –  
exalts itself in a colour,  
I feel subjugated by the letters of the alphabet.  
making visible its sound  
They attack me blindly at night,  
until we can almost touch it.  
they invade me.  
See, the undefeated army,  
At day they seek me,  
the initials, leaders of words, capital towers,  
taking my eyes by assault, Painting and poetry, calligraphy and music,  
noble commanders, joined in unending battles:  
robbing me of my sleep and throwing it from darkness leaves, stems, flowers, here, in one branch.  
for centuries they have provoked all the commotions,  
to light, from light to darkness, inexorably. The alphabet is everything.  
light ones and profound ones,  
War without end and without quarter, In calligraphy all things resound exalted.  
of thought and being.  
deadly and joyful at once. To and fro the song of the alphabet hastens throughout  
the world.  
Hark, the hymn of the letters sings in every antenna.

Rafael Alberti

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